

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XVII.]

CHICAGO, MARCH 13, 1886.

NUMBER 2.

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THE generations future call upon us to send them down fewer evil inheritances than the ignorant past sent down to us. Our best thought, our best work, will all go down; yea, and our poorest also, to affect human interests, human progress, human happiness, in the ages to follow. It may be little that each one will contribute, yet every little helps the desirable or undesirable result. How can we think of such a thing as asking to be caught up away from all this our work, to enjoy only perfect glory in heaven, while here are our mistakes, and may be worse than mistakes, lingering to keep the world from being as free from ill as it would otherwise have been?

"THE time is short." Not other must we expect than to leave some work undone. We should do this, we hope, if the time were to be long. We never quite liked that sentence attributed to Jesus: "Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." There is no end to what a good man will find to do, no end to what God finds to do. Mr. Martineau, now past his eightieth year, yet still doing some fresh, vigorous work for the future of the world's thought and life, but lately remarks in a letter: "I often fear I have presumed too long on the gentle treatment I have received at the hands of old age, and that I must expect the slackened pace of my diligence to cease before I reach the contemplated goal. It matters not. Life is but a fragment; and why should we insist on rounding off its work?"

THOUSANDS are unjustly saying to themselves: "I have no talent, no ability, no genius, no faculty." Yet by no means would they with equal readiness admit that they have no earnest desire to do good. There is then somewhere self-delusion, or a false assumption. A right and good spirit will always use the strength at command, be it ever so little; yea, will exhaust that strength rather than fail; and will by repeated trial find a way to more or less success. Prayer on the lips may not always avail, but prayer enough in the heart is sure to find embodiment and effective accomplishment; just as when there is living water enough in a spring, it will, yea, must break forth, fertilize fields, furrow out a channel in which to run, and so turn the wheels of many an industry, or, bearing commerce on its flood, roll on to the sea.

"PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY" is not and cannot become a permanent thing in religious thought. Its position is too vague and obscure. It cannot exactly say what to do with trinity, deity of Jesus and atonement. It has no ringing word on these subjects. Its Christ is human yet not human. In one of its latest statements it speaks thus of Jesus: "Such human nature must be personal. The divine nature in the *Logos* also is personal. Yet, neither

ence, presided, and gave our new friend hearty welcome and gracious introduction, after which Mr. Milsted opened the discussion on "The Importance of Form in Worship". He was followed by a number of laymen and women; all of which betokens the genial, earnest, aye, the devout and prophetic spirit which is ever ready to show itself among our churches when the spirit is not dampened by criticism and the outlook is not overcast with distrust of those things that constitute the inspiration of the century.—The Friends of the humanities as well as of the UNITY cause rejoice in the accession to our ranks of W. Alexander Johnson, who has left his post as secretary of the Associated Charities of Cincinnati to take his place as organizing secretary of the Charity Organization Society of this city. A faithful fellow-worker with Brothers Wendte and Thayer in the years gone by, we take great pleasure in welcoming him to this city and in introducing him to our UNITY constituency whom we hope will profit from his pen, particularly in his chosen field of the philanthropies. Under him we also hope that the Charity Organization of Chicago will overcome certain difficulties that have heretofore stood in its way.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Ames, who has in a series of sermons been considering the labor question, was brought into some trouble with the papers by an unfortunate report of one of his remarks. Proudhon's dictum that "property is theft", which he quoted, was announced as the preacher's, whereat there was a fierce onslaught of the editors, and Mr. Ames was forced to explain. It is well to observe as to the drift of thought here, that no sermons have been of late so generously reported in the papers as those on labor and cognate matters from Mr. Ames, before his society, and from Mr. Weston, before the ethical culturists.

—As one of the strong "signs of the times" it may be well to remark that Prof. Frances Emily White, of the Woman's medical college, who has become well known in the scientific world for certain wise studies, and who has lately been elected a member of the board of trustees of the Ethical Culture society, is shortly to lecture at Natatorium hall, and seems to take a sweet delight in the furtherance of the "freedom-fellowship-and-character" side of religious thought developed here.—A recent conversation with Walt Whitman upon such concerns convinces me that, though his eye is somewhat dimmed, and his body not at all what it was in that noble manhood twenty years back, he still holds undiminished a wise and radical religious faith which, after the nature of the poets, refuses the shackles of creeds and statements. And he contemplates the end with breast bared and gray locks flying on the wind. What need for such souls to wonder too much or claim a fellowship with questions and dismays?—Mr. Schumm, of the deceased *Radical Review*, has been here and lectured before certain liberal societies.

H. L. T.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The First church celebrated its 250th anniversary last month, and the youthful octogenarian, Doctor Hedge, spoke to the merriment as well as to the edification of those assembled. During his speech he reminded his hearers that the ecclesiastical feuds of the past show what subtle mysteries lie at the foundation of theological divergencies. "A word of pale abstraction has set the world on fire. Christendom has been rent asunder by a vocable and a monosyllable." Oliver Wendell Holmes, oldest son of the eighth pastor of the church, contributed a suppositious hymn of 1636, which closed with the following stanzas which are still unrealized prophecy.

The Walls that fence His Flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in Decay,
And every Tongue and every Heart
Shall welcome in the new-born Day.

Then shall His glorious Church rejoice
His Word of Promise to recall,—
ONE SHELTERING FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD'S VOICE,
ONE GOD AND FATHER OVER ALL!

ST. PAUL, MINN.—"We northwestern churches often feel very much out in the cold, and a flying visit once in a while from an enthusiastic churchman, used to milder and less rugged surroundings, all aglow with energy and work, is warming in its influence. Such a visit Unity church has had from Mr. Sunderland, of Chicago, who preached for us twice.—The work of freeing ourselves from debt is still going on with its 'ups' and 'downs', of course;—but in the end we feel sure the 'ups' will gain the victory, and we can prove ourselves worthy of our bright opportunity. If we do not, there will be many who will hang their heads with disappointment. The approaching spring reminds us of the coming Western Conference, and of our portion to that also to be paid. But our own debt-paying! And yet—we hope to be heard from at the conference."

[Good courage, friends! Lift at *both* the burdens. Keep the old record unbroken of loyalty to the Conference. To be loyal when it's *hard* to be is loyalty. The St. Paul Church, small in size and strength, has long stepped out with the vanguard of the sure, prompt helpers.—W. C. G.]

ENGLAND.—A too liberal vicar of Arundel, who invited the Congregationalist minister to take part with him in the funeral services of a member of the latter's parish who was to be buried in the old parish grounds, was interfered with by his superiors. The Dean stepped in to defend the dignity of the "Establishment". It is hard for an American Unitarian to realize how it would seem to have an "Establishment" in our midst.

—Stopford Brooke in his sermon at the reopening of the Rosslyn-Hill Chapel, which has been enlarged and renovated at a cost of £4000, said: "Real Christianity is rising from the tomb to a new Eastertide, embracing all men in one brotherhood, and uplifting them to the ideal character manifested in Christ. There are ideas of universal religion, to which, through good report and evil report, the body of Christians to which we belong have borne long and faithful witness." For such an ideal in religion we would ever work.

GREAT ST. LOUIS: SMALL CHICAGO.—A. D. Mayo, in an interesting article on Missouri in the last *Register*, says, "In education St. Louis leads every city beyond the Alleghanies. While Chicago has vainly tried to put a sectarian university on the ground and Cincinnati has wasted magnificent opportunities in beer-swilling and cheating at elections, St. Louis has had the rare good sense to keep at the head of its educational affairs a set of men and women unsurpassed in their several departments. Dr. Eliot, for almost half a century, has been the educational backbone of the city; and the Washington University is, by all odds, the most remarkable group of good schools under one management in any Western American town."

THE CHICAGO TEACHERS' MEETING.—At the noon meeting on Monday, Mr. Jones, the leader, spoke of the great richness of the legends that cluster around Elijah, the richest legendary lore of the Old Testament. There is an intense dramatic power in the situations. The whole circle of legends being given for one lesson, each teacher must choose such as best suit his taste and the age and character of the class. There was an interesting conversation, too full of points for a brief report. Present, twenty-five.

REMEMBERING THE ORPHANS.—The three daughters of P. A. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, for whom one of the most attractive boulevards of this city is named, and whose bronze statue is a feature of South Park, have purchased 200 acres of land near Bristol, Pa., upon which they are to establish an "Industrial Home For Orphan Boys", which is to be in charge of some Catholic brothers.

MEADVILLE, PA.—F. L. Phalen, of the senior class, is called to Milton, N. H.; he is to begin his work immediately after his graduation in June.

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in itself is a person." It hardly knows what to do with those who have not heard of Christ; for example, read this:

"When it is asked, Are some persons saved without the knowledge of Christ? We answer, Possibly; although except the Jews, to whom a revelation was made, redeemed persons outside Christendom are admitted to be especially few."

These are not the words of leaders. They indeed baptized with water, but there cometh one mightier than they, who shall baptize with fire and the Holy Spirit, and that mightier is pure, exalted Theism. A. W.

In a most excellent article in the *Old Testament Student* we notice that late Bible revisions are having a good effect upon the thinking men of orthodoxy. The Bible is falling from its ancient pedestal as the protestant idol and master, and taking its proper place as a great revelation of God in the human heart and as a help in religious living. What solid words are the following from the article above mentioned:

"Who does not know that there are interpolations to be removed and omissions to be filled up? Who does not know that any translation may be improved? Who wants to make his Bible a fetish to be worshiped, instead of an intelligible record which will teach him how to worship his Maker acceptably? Surely not any intelligent Christian. If any separate book can be shown to be uncanonical, who is not willing to carry a smaller Bible? If any book which has not been thus far placed in the canon should be found to belong there, who will not enlarge his Bible enough to admit it? What we desire is the pure word of Jehovah, no more and no less."

THE broadening views of the western states with regard to higher education are evidenced by the increasing financial support given to the state universities. The generosity of the legislature of Wisconsin, and the wise policy of Michigan are so well known as to need no comment. Nebraska and Indiana have also placed themselves squarely in line with their sisters in favor of liberal and steady support to their state universities. Indeed as a rule all of the so-called land states in the north and west even to the Pacific, are following in the course in which Michigan led the way, and are fostering and building up by permanent gifts or steady appropriations the educational institutions founded on national land grants. They have come or are fast coming to realize the folly of doling out just enough money to these colleges to keep them from actual starvation, but not enough to enable them to thrive and develop with the times. The day has passed when an institution with a half score of poorly paid instructors, scanty and imperfect apparatus, and poorly constructed, unrepaired and ill-kept buildings, is regarded as a university, adequate to educate young men and women. There is cause for congratulation in the advancing spirit of the times, not as regards the propriety of state support for higher education—for that is now universally conceded—but touching the wisdom of large and above all steady legislative appropriations for higher educational purposes. Yet, while this is true as a rule of the western states, there are those still lagging behind. Ohio boasts more so-called colleges than any other state in the union, but hardly one with a national reputation. She received from the national government in 1862 a grand endowment for a college, threw away a large part of it by unwise legislation, and now instead of embracing the opportunity of building up one really strong institution seems willing to allow the state university—founded on this grant—to pine and droop for lack of means to meet the educational demands of the age. If the published accounts be true, in response to a request for about thirty thousand dollars to meet necessary expenses, and fifty thousand dollars for new and much needed buildings, which cannot be built from the endowment fund, the fourth state of the union in point of wealth has just appropriated for its state university the munificent sum of \$625. If this be true,

and the legislature stops there, Ohio certainly has no reason to be proud of the fact. We can scarcely believe the reports, for there can not be a state in the union, large or small, rich or poor, that would thus insult the cause of education. It is to be hoped for the credit of Ohio that she will see the wisdom of building up one strong university, and the economy of utilizing to its fullest extent the "plant" already existing at her state university, and of extending it until she shall have an institution rivaling Michigan's and Wisconsin's.

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

The story of Jonah, recently treated in the "International" Sunday-school lessons, and many sermons, again invites attention. This book, so abused by its foes and friends, is still one of the best in the Bible. Its worth is quite independent of critical questions. Whether written in Ezra's time, as Kuenen thinks, or before the fall of Nineveh, as its silence concerning that may seem to imply; whether telling traditions, or merely meant as a parable;—its lesson of charity is the same. In his favorable view of the heathen, whom so many Jews hated, the author anticipates Paul, and seems to surpass all other Biblical writers.

The book teaches tolerance among men by showing it in God. Its pervading thought is the divine forgiveness,—and it makes this so extreme as to seem a fault to later thought. It represents Jehovah as so very "abundant in mercy" that he even "repents", re-calls his own orders, and pardons the people whom he has already condemned. Jonah's refusal at first to proclaim the divine doom against Nineveh is because he knows Jehovah is too "gracious" and "merciful" to execute it; and when he does finally proclaim it, "God repented of the evil which he had said that he would do to them, and he did it not." It is not quite certain that the writer made even acceptance of the God of Israel a condition of their salvation; for in the passage telling of their conversion, the name Jehovah, which prevails before and after, curiously changes to Elohim. The Ninevites turn from their "evil" and "violence", and call upon "Elohim"; but it is not said that they turn to Jehovah,—as if their reform were mainly moral and the saved city were still heathen.

But even without the latter interpretation, the author's partiality for the heathen is plain. He represents them as better than this Hebrew prophet. The heathen sailors praying "every man to his God", are still merciful and do their utmost to save Jonah who is fleeing from his,—even after they are told to sacrifice him. So the heathen Ninevites repent at once. But in contrast with their virtues, the prophet's vices are made prominent,—just as Jesus's parable contrasts with the goodness of the heathen Samaritan the bigotry of the Jewish priest and Levite. Jonah begins by disobeying God and running away. Even his readiness to be cast overboard is hardly so noble an act to save others as the commentators make it; since he has a sullen disposition to suicide, and twice afterward prays God to slay him. And how little he cares to save others is seen in his acts at Nineveh. He wants the city destroyed; and because it is saved he is "displeased exceedingly" and "very angry", and reproaches God for his mercy. And the last word from this prophet is a curt contradiction of Jehovah, maintaining that he does right to be angry, because a mere gourd has died, and half a million men have not.

But the divine mercy forgives even his disobedience and blasphemy. The fish is sent to save him, and the vine to shade him. And even his complaint at the loss of the latter, Jehovah takes as a text to preach mercy to the heathen, and to their very herds: "Should not I then spare Nineveh, wherein are more than 120,000 children and many cattle?"

It is a beautiful ending to a book of the broadest spirit. There may be no historic truth told in it or meant to be.

Indeed, a despotic Assyrian monarch in his great palace would hardly have put on "sack cloth and sat in ashes" for a poor missionary who had nothing but a "booth" of his own building to shelter him, and would more likely have ordered so presumptuous a preacher sunk in the Tigris. The Ninevites had too many and venerable gods of their own to care for the Hebrew Jehovah. But not the less touching is the author's thought that Jehovah cares for them. And as we contrast with the narrow sentiment of his times this teaching of God's universal fatherhood and human brotherhood,—the book seems so humane and noble that no historic errors can harm it, while its superstitions are but as specks which bring out its beauty better.

And even its superstitions were natural and necessary. That doctrine of a God bringing plant and worm, and sending and stopping storms, was the prevalent one;—true, too, when we look deeply enough. That story of the fish is so natural that it has appeared in many heathen races that had never heard of the Hebrews, or of each other. The idea of a marine monster swallowing and saving a man,—whether coming from the sea seeming to devour the sun at night and disgorge him in the morning, as our solar mythologists think, or in other ways,—has at any rate arisen the world around, from the Karen herd in Asia and the Zulu princess in Africa swallowed by a reptile and brought home without harm, to our American Hiawatha swallowed by a fish, canoe and all, and carried safely to shore. This author doubtless found the story in Hebrew mythology too, and probably already connected with the name of Jonah. But even if he invented it as *Æsop* and *Pilpay* invented fables honestly, we might well excuse him, seeing how he makes it illustrate his doctrine of Jehovah's disposition to save. The legend did not harm the book, but perhaps helped a certain class of readers to learn its lesson of mercy. The evil only came when men exalted the legend at the expense of the lesson, and learned from the book not a forgiving spirit but only a fish story.

Whether Jesus ever endorsed this story of the fish as orthodoxy says, is very doubtful. Matthew and Luke make him say to the people asking for a sign, that they shall have none except that of Jonah. But they disagree as to what this sign was; Matthew making it the scene in the Mediterranean sea, and Luke only the distant and very different one in the city of Nineveh. And Mark disagrees with both;—giving the same conversation, but having Jesus make no allusion to Jonah and say they shall have no sign at all. Probably Mark is right, and Jesus based his work only on miracles of spirit, and pointed to no thaumaturgic signs in Jonah or elsewhere. And certainly to-day, when the world has learned the reign of law and the natural rise of such legends, it is not wise to make religion depend on the story of a man surviving seventy-two hours in the destructive acids of a stomach, and meanwhile composing an elaborate poem besides. Nor is Jesus honored by teaching that he was typified in any way by that Jonah who enters the story in disobedience and leaves it in anger, and who combines such blasphemy and bigotry, and wants men slain rather than saved. Jesus was typified rather by the author of the book, whose plain purpose was to rebuke that prophet, and who taught Christian charity so many centuries before Christ. And the best way to honor him is to keep the charity; and taking the intolerant spirit of Jonah, which has been too long allowed within the Christian ship,—not always "asleep", but stirring up storms worse than in the story,—to cast it overboard. Then the old miracle will be repeated, the storms will subside and the divine voice will be heard better even than in this book. Through the natural laws that keep all creatures and seas and cities with an omnipresent providence; and through the human love that fills hearts and gives "sign" of a higher love enfolding us;—we shall learn of a God who does not repent or need to, but whose mercy is eternal.

H. M. S.

STATES OF THOUGHT.

I use this title-phrase to mean something different from process of thought, and indeed something on which the process depends. Says one of the brothers Hare,—“I saw two oaks standing side by side. The one was already clothed in tender green leaves; the other was still in its wintry bareness, showing few signs of reviving life. Whence arose this? The influences of the sun and air and sky must have been the same on both trees; their nearness seemed to bespeak a like soil; no outward cause was apparent to account for the difference. It must therefore have been something within, something in their internal structure and organization. But wait awhile; in a month or two both the trees will perhaps be equally rich in their summer foliage. Nay, that which is slowest in unfolding its leaves may then be the most vigorous and luxuriant.” Now in this illustration, the unfolding of the leaves is like thought as a process; but the “something within”, the inward fact which makes one unfold in one way, and the other in another, is what I mean by a state of thought.

Three facts or incidents in my life I often think of; for each is vivid, and all stand to me in close relation to each other. The first is, my early feelings about Theodore Parker. I remember distinctly the time when the mention of that name caused in me a sinking of heart, a dread, almost a reproach of conscience that I could not purge Unitarianism of responsibility for such an outcome of heresy. The second fact was my experience with a dear and intimate friend with whom often I talked on the great questions of the foundation of religion—questions which then, twenty-five years ago, were deeply agitating the Unitarian fellowship, and even yet pour the mutterings and sometimes thunders of the subsiding waves of the storm along the shores. My friend rested on tradition, such having been her education. I argued long, and, as it seemed, vainly, for the simple building of religion on the human soul, and on the critical interpretation of all religious history, the Hebrew and all others. The difference was profound, but may be put in a word. She was clinging to revelation in a certain point of time. I said that scientific history disproved this, and I offered, instead, simple natural religion, springing everywhere, with the same right and title that a plant has to the soil, and as naturally blooming in the heart. At last I ceased to talk, and some years went by, unbroken in their blessed harmony, but with little conversation on the points of difference. Then came a day (I can never forget it), a bright, glad, gleesome, sunshiny day, when earth and heaven vied in smiles, and would have broken into laughter but for too deep a joy. I sat with her in a room through which the sunlight was pouring, meeting and mingling with the fire on the hearth; for it was a winter day. She began to talk of the old themes, the dear, great, uplifting subjects of human thought, and then told me that in the years of silence between us on these subjects, she had come to think as I used to talk. “How I have come to it”, she said, “I cannot describe. I have no argument to set forth; but suddenly, and not long ago, I understood. Then I saw that simply I had not understood before; that in truth you had been speaking to me a language whose words, though familiar to my ear, were foreign to my mind. The understanding came suddenly; it burst on me, and when it broke, it was like this flooding sunlight, an illumination which clothed all nature with a bounding joy. Everything took on a different face to me; a gladness, a breadth of faith and trust, and an openness of spirit came over me like light.”

The third instance befell me when, during my life at the Divinity school, I went a short railroad journey, and sat beside a man who began to talk with me in a gentle manner. The talk drifted to subjects of morals and religion, in which I used the word conscience, and he answered reverently (I see and feel it all now—the dingy and dim car,

for it was evening, the serious and gentle face, the quiet but solemn manner), "Conscience; and what do you think conscience is? I call it the voice of God speaking within, God's being and presence." Strange, was it not, that this should give me a heart-sinking as long before had done the name of Parker? Yet so it was. A sure hold seemed to slip away if I granted such phraseology, and I to be left sinking in a shadow. So I answered boldly that there was no need of confusing things; that conscience meant myself in a certain mode of operation, and that God was Himself—and so an end. After a long time I learned better. Now I know that the man's words spoke the simple and holy truth. Now I have no heart-sinking when I think of it. Now naught seems to be sinking away nor the universe melting to a shade, because I know and call the infinite *Ought* in the human soul the voice of God. Nay, but all things have become strong and great and eternal, since the words now not only have meaning for me, but are the most meaning of all possible utterance.

I said that these three instances stand related in my mind. Each one of them has been a great blessing to me, and has yielded me the joys of thoughts. It is noticeable that simple ignorance lay at the bottom of my experience in two of them, and of my friend's in the other. I did not know what Parker was. It was long before I learned. I did not know what was meant by the voice and the speech of God, and it was many years before I began to see a little out of the dimness which was not in the words nor in the thought, but in a little chambered space which I carried about with me. It is noticeable too, that I came not out by reasoning or by argument; for then I could put my finger on the moment of change or on the argument that wrought it. I only know that at one time I felt the heart-sinking at the heretic's name, and at the holy phrase, and the next time I heard them I felt no terror, and no pain, but only a strong and sure joy, a confidence and thanksgiving. It was growth that made the change. I had gone over a space, and from another point saw differently. I could not see till I had traversed that space and reached that point. It was the something within as in the oak, which put forth the new foliage of vision and the waving motions of joy into a new atmosphere. How this grew I know not. I know only that as before I was blind, then I saw. This is what I have called the state of thought, different from the process thereof.

There are lessons. It is a plain inference to wait patiently for ourselves; not to be too sure of ourselves, and yet sure enough. For then we shall speak as we see at present, both frankly and kindly, and we shall know that even if we err, we shall *grow* till we see better by and by. It is a lesson, also, to wait for others. For it may be that in some difference some time we shall feel sure we see the right, while others see not, as a man with eyes might be sure that he has what the blind cannot know. If then these others cannot understand our language or see by our description, what have we to do but still describe and wait in love for their growth? It is a lesson, also, not to be shocked or confounded at anything; but to have faith and look at everything calmly, yes, hospitably, while it stays with us. For if any thought is of a nature to stay, then we must entertain it at last, whether we will or no; and if not to stay, we are to say farewell to it decently.

J. V. B.

The long promised life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by his brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, will be given to the public early next week. Messrs. Ticknor & Company, the publishers, also announce a little book on the problem of immortality, entitled "Light on the Hidden Way", by an anonymous author, with an introduction by James Freeman Clarke.

LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston, announce an illustrated Easter gift-book by Irene E. Jerome, entitled "The Message of the Blue-bird."

Contributed Articles.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

She wears no jewel upon hand or brow,
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But though she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the King; and when
Her father calls her at his throne to wait
She shall be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done.
And since the King loves all his people well
Therefore she, too, cares for them every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold
While many sink and fail on either hand.
She dreads not summer's heat, nor winter's cold
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything
Because she is a daughter of the King.

Even when the angel comes that men call Death
And name with terror, it appals not her.
She turns to look at him with quickened breath
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger."
Her heart rejoices that her father calls
Her back to live within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like picture in its frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For "that imperial palace whence she came".
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because she is a daughter of the King.

REBECCA P. UTTER.

CHICAGO.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Many persons in our country much indebted to James Martineau know little of his personal history. The dates and facts in this sketch of our foremost living prophet are mainly taken from a memoir by the late Rev. Charles Wicksteed, in No. 78 of *The National Portrait Gallery*. The sketch is the preface to a pamphlet of selections from Martineau's writings, made by C. G. Howland for our *Church-Door Pulpit* of March 1,—the pamphlet then to take permanent form as *Unity Mission Tract, No. 21*.

James Martineau was born of Huguenot ancestry, in Norwich, England, April 21, 1805. His father was a manufacturer and wine-merchant, unambitious but gentle and refined; his mother was a gifted lady of high character, who gave her son, and her almost equally distinguished daughter, Harriet, her own intellectual and moral enthusiasm. At ten, James was a pupil undergoing a little boy's rough fate in the ancient "Grammar school" of his native city,—mathematics his delight, but Latin and Greek the order of his day. The two years from fourteen to sixteen were the determining period of his life; for then the higher spiritual energies of a nature always unusually active were quickened under the personal influence of a famous teacher, Dr. Lant Carpenter, of Bristol, the best known Unitarian minister of his time. The work of a civil engineer, upon which his mind had been fixed, seemed far less attractive when he left this school. Still the plan was not abandoned, and an irksome year or two were next spent at the turning-lathe and work-bench. Then the good father yielded,—*"You are courting poverty!"* he told the boy,—and young Martineau entered Manchester New College as a divinity student. Precise, intense, almost ascetic, at his books,—is the memory he left behind him here.

On graduating in 1827, he returned to Bristol to assist Dr. Carpenter in the school; but the next year he was chosen junior minister of a church in Dublin,—a church nominally Presbyterian, really Unitarian, like so many other

Unitarian churches in Great Britain. In those machine-shop days he had found a home in the family of Rev. Edward Higginson and must have done some other courting besides that his father prophesied; for, ordination over, he married the daughter, Helen Higginson, and a new home began. Born, bred and married, then, amid English Unitarians. He soon became known in Dublin as a brilliant and fervid preacher, of a remarkable freedom of opinion. Four years passed and the senior colleague died. And now to remain was necessarily to accept the *regium donum*, an annual allowance made to Presbyterian ministers from the Crown: should he stay, or go? The injustice at that time involved in the relation of the two chief protestant bodies to the Roman Catholics was too gross for him to be willing to personally benefit by it,—and he left Ireland. A church in Liverpool needing a colleague pastor invited him to come over to them. Mr. Wicksteed—in 1877—speaks as follows of his appearance: "Well does the writer remember, though it is forty-five years ago, how the circular staircase of the somewhat conspicuous pulpit was quietly ascended by a tall young man, thin, but of vigorous and muscular form, with dark hair, pale but not delicate complexion, a countenance full in repose of thought, and in animation of intelligence and enthusiasm; features belonging to no regular type or order of beauty, and yet leaving the impression of a very high kind of beauty; and a voice so sweet, and clear, and strong, without being in the least degree loud, that it conveyed all the inspiration of music without any of its art or intention. When this young man . . . rose to speak of the inspiration that was not in the letter but in the soul, and—for that time of day—boldly distinguished between the inspiration of Old Testament books and Old Testament heroes, he completed the conquest of his hearers."

Four years after going to Liverpool he gave a course of six lectures entitled "Rationale of Religious Inquiry", showing a much freer handling of some questions than the Unitarian public of either side of the ocean had been accustomed to see. But perhaps the chief event of his ministry in Liverpool was the part he took in the famous controversy of 1839. Thirteen clergymen of the English Church proposed to him and two other Unitarian ministers of the city,—Rev. John Hamilton Thom and Rev. Henry Giles,—a discussion of the main points of difference between their respective Churches. It is no disparagement to Channing, Worcester, Ware, Norton and others, our own champions in the same cause, to say that the Liverpool controversy, especially the part taken by Martineau, has never been surpassed in vigorous and inspiring eloquence. Our American worthies never reached that "high tide of the Spirit" in what we now recognize as the only proper treatment of the Bible, which Martineau reached at the age of thirty-four.

In 1840 Mr. Martineau was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in Manchester New College, while retaining charge of the Liverpool church.

His thought meanwhile had been going through great changes,—changes gradually involving the abandonment of many old positions in behalf of a more spiritual philosophy. "Everything he had written previously had become unsatisfactory. Courses of lectures, elaborately prepared, were laid upon the shelf forever; the familiar text-books could no longer be used, and many subjects had to be melted down again and recast in other moulds." Nor did his growth cease; for, after all this new insight, when his long cherished wish to visit Germany and see her scholars face to face was gratified in 1848-49, the rich resources of his mind were so enlarged, that the effect of his residence in Berlin and Dresden he himself describes as "a new intellectual birth."

Not long after his return, Manchester New College was removed to London, he still occupying the chair of Philosophy and making weekly trips to the city to deliver his lectures. But these frequent journeys so taxed his time and strength that in 1857, after a ministry of twenty-five years

in Liverpool, he went to London to live. And there in addition to his college duties, and almost monthly writing for the *Reviews*, he preached for the next sixteen years to the congregation in Little Portland Street Chapel. It does not appear when he became Principal—we should say President—of the College; possibly in 1872, when he gave up the ministry of the chapel. But in April, 1885, on the eightieth anniversary of his birth, Dr. Martineau resigned his post in the institution in which he had been student, Professor or Principal, so many years; the event being fittingly observed by his students and friends of two generations.

The English universities have never honored themselves by honoring James Martineau. But other countries have done what his own failed to do. In 1872 Harvard University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1875 the University of Leyden gave him the degree of D.D. And at home, honors which lie beyond all official and ecclesiastic recognition are securely his. A Dissenter, he ranks the Bishops as England's strongest champion of the spiritual philosophy against all comers in the name of science physical,—science which, on its own grounds, no one welcomes more heartily than he. No English thinker in recent years has done so much to trace the great faiths and hopes of the race to their true sources in the soul of man. Man's soul is the key to the Soul of the universe: the "master-light of all our seeing" is the human Reason and Conscience and Affections, and by these we are to interpret the Infinite Mind from which they are derived.

He ranks the Bishops, we said. Stopford Brooke one day told James Freeman Clarke that, when he was thinking of leaving the Established Church, Dean Stanley begged him to remain, saying, "We need you, and men like you, to help us broaden the Church of England till it can hold all sincere Christians." Stopford Brooke replied, "Do you think, Dean, that in your time or in mine it will be broad enough to make Martineau Archbishop of Canterbury?" "I am afraid not", said Stanley. "Then it will not be broad enough for me", answered Brooke.

For ourselves, we call Martineau, now that Emerson has gone, the foremost prophet of our Liberal Faith. "Sacred eloquence", as it once was called, has hardly risen to a higher pitch than in his sermons, so penetrating in their insight, so radiant with imagination. How liberal the Faith is as it is in him, our selections hint. By his longings he is a National Church-man of a larger than the Stanley type; but, that Church not existing, loyalty to freedom has always kept him, as it kept Channing, in the sect. In 1868, with a few like-minded friends of various Churches, he planned a "Free Christian Union", "to relieve the Christian life from reliance on theological articles or external rites, to save it from conflict with the knowledge and conscience of mankind, and bring it back to the essential conditions of harmony between God and man." The Union was a failure,—but a prophecy. "He has always declared that he did not belong, and would not belong, to any Church or sect that was understood to pledge itself to the reception of any fixed dogmas or any immutable opinion." And his influence exerted in this direction through his students and his books has done much to keep the Unitarians of England spiritually free. The books are still forthcoming, the work-hours are not over yet: still at the age of eighty he sits in England teaching faith and freedom.

LONELINESS.

THREE MUSINGS AT A WINDOW.

I.

I draw the curtain back, my eyes still wet
With homesick tears. Against a clear west set,
The strange, weird landscape mocks my yearning mood,
A long scarred hill, a rocky wall, a wood,
A road half lost amid the fern and brake,
A moonlit breadth of silent stretching lake.

And memory calls back the yesternight;
Soft color, music, tumult and delight.
Glad faces all around me. Everywhere
A city's splendor, flaming up the air.
And grief sobs wildly in its first excess;
"How can I bear my utter loneliness?"

II.

I draw the curtain back, as one who knows
And fears to look. Wrapped in a great repose
The long hill in the sunset looks farewell.
O little year! How could my faint heart tell
What waited me? Dear love, wilt thou not call
My name once more beside your rugged wall?
Among the city jargons, will no tone
Come from the forest mingled with their own?
How shall my life apart from thee be spent,
And this beloved scene grown eloquent
With thee? Look down—bend out of Heaven to bless
And pray God for me in my loneliness.

III.

I draw the curtain back. There is no change.
Perchance a softer curve sweeps up the range.
Years leave their mantle on the bald old scars.
These years! I lean against the window bars,
And watch the dark lake shimmering in the breeze,
The wall, the wood, that grave behind the trees.
Time hath not left my soul one bitter sting,
Life learned its mission through its suffering.
Once more I stand expectant and apart,
Immortal voices singing in my heart,
And feel, as earth's companionships grow less,
The benediction of my loneliness.

HALLOWELL, Maine.

ELLEN H. BUTLER.

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I notice you have in your valuable paper letters from correspondents. I have long thought of writing you about the condition of our parish and also about the strange doings of some people in our parish. I am confident my letters will add to the value of your paper, and will supply a need which you have overlooked hitherto. I have also thought that if I were in control of the paper I could edit it so that it would satisfy everybody and supply every demand. I am the more certain of this since I find among my acquaintances many who can write better than those who do the writing, and who know more about editing a paper than men who have spent their lives at it.

Well, our parish is in the town of Unrest in the State of Excitement. Both church and town have, for a long time, been looking for a boom and a railroad; neither of which has yet struck us. Our parish is a comparatively old one, and had several ministers, the average stay of which has been about three years. I have always felt a man could tell all he knew in that time. Of course there are exceptions. But we have not had any of the exceptions. Therefore, at the end of two years and six months, I always begin agitating the parish about a new minister. I believe in agitating a parish. It is true, it weakens the parish, but then we ought to be moving on; things ought to be stirred up. A malicious member of the town says I am the wooden spoon of our parish. Why, I can't tell. I generally begin by wondering how other people like our preacher. I imagine they don't like him. With this as a fair start I go on to the end, which end is the resignation of the pastor and the hearing of candidates. Now this hearing of candidates I like; for I find in it ample scope for the exercising of my faculty. I am a genuine critic, I can see farther than most people, so that I soon get to the

depths of a man and know whether he'll suit. I make it a rule to set aside the twelve or thirteen who first candidate. Then I settle down to the finest and clearest kind of criticising done in the world. It is a luxury. I have heard it whispered around that people should like to know what would please me. Mr. Editor, how little there is to some people!

Up to this point I have not told you anything about myself. It has been all about the parish. My name is General G. Rumbler. Just why I am General I will not now say. It is enough that I am. And as for the rest of the name there is fullness to it. It looks well in print. Please do not think this is the first time it has been in print. Many a time our town paper—which, by the way, is a peculiar affair—has printed it. As a rule, however, the notices were not complimentary. I have, therefore, stopped the paper. You will do well also to mark this, and to print my letters, or I'll stop your paper, and not pay you what is due on last year. Now you know me. I have been compared to Louis XIV. of France. But no one has pointed out the point at which we meet. I know well he said, I am the State. But how that applies to me I can't see, because I don't pretend to be all of the State. But I don't see how this parish could get along without me. And I am worried about what will become of it after my death. But then there is no sign of my demise for some time to come. I have relations in other parishes, and they all live to good old ages. Little sign of death among them. I am not one of the charter members of the parish. For I did not enter until about three months after it had started, but I have remained with it ever since, sticking closer than a brother to it.

Just now we are candidating. After we have heard three or four more, I will write you about the whole affair.

Very truly yours,

GEN'L G. RUMBLER.

UNREST, February 26, 1886.

FROM THE STATE SECRETARY.—DEAR UNITY: I have just returned from a pleasant and most encouraging visit to Moline. A good and enthusiastic congregation greeted me in spite of the heavy snow-storm which had blocked the streets. When I last visited the place, some months before, the outlook seemed doubtful and the people slow to move. But since then they have rallied with a good degree of vigor. Brother Judy, of Davenport, has been holding Sunday evening services for them in Library Hall since December and the congregations have doubled in that time, now numbering from eighty to ninety-five. Some three weeks ago they organized and incorporated under the laws of the state as the First Unitarian Church of Moline. And even prior to this action, the ladies of the coming society, desiring that it should stand, from the first, for some practical work for humanity, organized a Kitchen-garden Association, designed to give industrial training to girls. They rented rooms, fitted them up suitably and went to work with that enthusiasm and self-sacrifice so characteristic of good women. I can but hope that this new Unitarian church, cradled in such moral earnestness and spiritual fervor, will help to bridge the chasm which men have made between morality and religion and show that true ethics—the ethics of the heart—and true religion are one and inseparable. Mr. Judy is much beloved by these people and deserves our hearty thanks for his efficient and self-sacrificing labors in behalf of the new church. He is engaged to preach for them on Sunday evenings until the first of July. On the evening of March first, Dr. H. W. Thomas of your city lectured before the society.—On the twenty-third of February I preached at Effingham, the county seat of Effingham county. The services were held in the temple, a spacious hall owned and devoted to temperance uses by Mr. and Mrs. Kepley. Mrs. Kepley is our Unitarian apostle in that part of southern Illinois. She is vigorously at work on the temperance line of ethics. The courage and patience and self-

sacrifice with which she is pursuing her work deserve recognition from western Unitarians, and may yet make it possible to have a Unitarian church in Effingham. She publishes a monthly paper called *The Friend of Home*,—which deals valiant blows at the flagrant violations of law among the liquor dealers of her county and summons the grand jurors at the coming term of the Circuit Court to perform their sworn duty as officers of the law in bringing these offenders to justice.—In this county I learned that out of a population of twenty thousand, there are but five thousand professing Christians. Three thousand of this number are Roman Catholics, leaving but two thousand members of Protestant churches in the entire county. There are nine churches of one denomination in the county with but one pastor among them all, and he, being the lucky owner of a farm, makes shift to live. Mrs. Kepley superintends a temperance Sunday-school of upwards of ninety scholars, held each Sunday afternoon in the temple, and is, to use her own phrase, educating a generation of prohibition voters. How great may be, nay, must be the influence in this southern Illinois county of one such earnest, self-consecrated life!

JOHN R. EFFINGER.

A LITTLE CORRECTION.—EDITORS UNITY: At the risk of calling further attention to a wholly unintentional personal reflection, I would like to make a little explanation of a few words over my name in UNITY of Feb. 20. After quoting from a number of letters from isolated liberal sympathizers in Iowa, I referred to them as calling loudly for a state missionary, and expressed a belief, which I still hold, that "the right Unitarian afloat in Iowa could strengthen the cause wonderfully in a few years". But in saying this, I had no intention to thrust at Mr. Clute, as, at the time the lines were written—nearly two months ago—I had heard nothing of his work as state missionary in Iowa. I now learn that sickness has prevented his usual activity, and I hasten to disclaim any intimation which might have been obtained from my words, that Mr. Clute may not be "the right Unitarian afloat in Iowa". He has already visited several places in the southeastern part of the State and I hope he may achieve great success in his good work.

FRANK W. BICKNEL.

HUMBOLDT, Iowa, Feb. 27.

The Some.

GROWING.

Our English exchange, *Young Days*, tells the children about a baby spirit that wanted to grow, and how it was helped to do so. It lived in the spiritual realms where there were spirits which shone brightly and those which gave less light, just as one star up in the sky will have a pale, flickering light, while another will be clear and steady. Seeing how much greater and more beautiful some were than others, the child spirit longed to grow; so he went and knelt before the most glorious of all, and said, "Heavenly Father, I would like to grow". His wish was granted and the Father said, "In order to grow you must go away for a while into one of those worlds that are moving in the heavens around you; you must be clothed in a form of flesh and blood, and for a time become mortal and human. You must pass through all the stages of life, from infancy to age, and through many of the changes of sickness and health, weakness and power, pain and pleasure, doubts, difficulties, hopes and fears. All the beautifully-growing spirits around you have undergone the like changes, and you must undergo them, too." So the tiny little spirit was sent away into one of the planets of Heaven, called Earth, just as amongst us little children are sent away from home to school. He was born into the world just as other little babes are born. He had a loving father and mother, brothers and sisters and kind friends.

He began to grow, and as thought after thought came into his little mind, and feeling after feeling into his little heart, he knew that he was growing, and felt a kind of solemn joy. Everything around helped him to grow. Every little flower of the meadows seemed to speak with a low, tender, whispering voice: "Grow! little one, grow!" The trees of the woods and orchards encouraged him to put forth the vigorous sap of earnest life, the green leaf and blossom of beauty, and prepare for the nourishing fruit of goodness by and by. Every sunbeam that came in his chamber at daybreak seemed to say, "Grow, little one, brighter and brighter, more and more unto the perfect day!" Every brook and river wandering to the sea, invited the child to grow, to become deep and wide and strong, and full in thought and feeling.

But now and then there crept in among the grand and beautiful things very unlovely ones—things that were dark and gloomy in their looks, knotted and tangled and twisted into ugly forms and covered with sharp points, bristles and thorns, that inflicted wounds and pain every time they were touched. These ugly things were frequently coming in the child's way, making his progress hard and slow. "Go away!" said the little one, "You ugly, hindering things, go away!" "No! no!" said the ugly ones, "we have something to do with you, little spirit, before we go away. If you can make us your friends instead of your foes, it will be all the better for you by and by." When the child saw that the ugly ones would not go away, he remembered what was said when he had asked to grow; and thought possibly all these unwelcome things were only the forms of those very doubts, difficulties, and troubles of which the heavenly voice had spoken as part of the means by which all spirits grow. So he dried up his tears and kept his heart quiet, submissive and still, while with the gaiety of a child he joined the squirrel in its play and the birds in their songs.

All this variety of life has helped the young spirit to grow. And when his schooling time on earth shall be finished: when he shall return to the spiritual world from which he came, he may possibly meet there a troop of those ugly ones whom he so much dreaded and disliked when he met them on earth. But they will be ugly no longer; for it may then be seen that these hindering things of the earth have rendered useful help to the spirit, that these twisted, knotted, and entangled things may be gradually drawn out into lines of order and beauty—these prickly, wounding thorns lose their sting—these weeds slowly change into flowers—these sorrows turn into means of joy. The spirit, grown more full of light, may then perceive what on earth it never well knew and found hard to believe, that the difficulty and the darkness, the struggles and the sorrows of life, have helped it to grow.

A LITTLE friend sends us the following letter, enclosing twenty-five cents out of precious savings, in honor of UNITY's birthday. As we are not to know from whom it comes we must return thanks here and say that it is UNITY's only present for the occasion—except, perhaps, the new dress. But as the friend probably knows, anything that is growing must have a new dress occasionally.

DEAR UNITY:—As it is your birthday, and you have such a nice new dress, I send you the enclosed to help loop it up.

But who I am I will never tell.

TROUBLE.

Trouble not about a trouble
Till it troubles you,
Else your trouble you will double;
Sorry thing to do!

J. J.

Too often we like to make people happy by the method that gives us the least trouble, and, if they will not rejoice, we turn upon them and call them ungrateful.—*Kate Gannett Wells*, in "About People."

Notes from the Field.

PHILADELPHIA.—Among the saints under the new dispensation, Mangasarian does not hesitate to place Emerson and Carlyle and some of the great scientists, whose work is denounced by the church at large.—The Methodist Book Rooms were recently robbed by an indiscriminating thief. Perhaps the Methodist temper may recognize the philosophy of this.—Catholics are endeavoring to secure official consent to the performance of mass at the House of Correction for the benefit of those inmates who may desire the ceremony.—The nearest religious event in music is the performance of Gounod's "Redemption" next month. Great preparations are being made to achieve an artistic success.—Mr. Weston, lecturing on the 28th, treated of the Sunday question, and grouped effectively a number of serious considerations which should have their weight with disputants on both sides.—"How Can Wages Increase?" was the title of Mr. Ames's last lecture in the labor series; Mr. Ames has brought a humane temper and a generous spirit to his study of the subject.—The Ethical Culture Society may inaugurate a course of lectures next winter, touching upon the labor problem. But these, rather than coming under the regular series, are intended for Sunday evenings. There is an excellent fine field for this work; the preachers in general are so intoxicated with the thought of prevailing justice in the world to come that they can not fairly consider the little time spent on this earth as important enough to claim their devotions. Therefore, it is left to the isolated heroes, like the Ames and Westons in our own city, to take up the trumpet of the Lord and discipline reluctant humanity.

H. L. T.

CHICAGO.—At the teachers' meeting at headquarters this week the subject was the continuation of the study of Elijah, and Mr. Milsted led. The golden text, referring to Elisha's wish for a double portion of the prophet's spirit, found noble interpretation, the leader said, in Martineau's great sermon, "Having, Doing and Being", in his "Christian Endeavors", and how to realize the wish might be illustrated by Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face". After commenting upon the symbolism of the mantle, and the dramatic power and value of the several Elijah stories, he characterized Elijah as the narrow, intense spirit necessary at that time to develop the monotheistic idea, although Elijah himself was probably a polytheist giving his rugged zeal to Jahveh the tribal deity. Ahab was the broader man, believing in religious toleration, pursuing a wise policy, judged from a statesman's standpoint. The prophets wrecked Israel politically, but they constructed it religiously. Attention was called to the wide range of Baal-worship at that time, and that it was by no means the coarsest form of idolatry; also the puritanic and non-artistic quality of the Elijah movement in religion. The new headquarters were crowded, and the meeting, as usual, was a very interesting one.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—We are glad to chronicle the organization of a Unity Club at this place a few weeks ago, starting out with fifty-three names on the roll. Its object is stated to be "mental, moral, religious and social improvement". The Unitarian old guard has evidently come to the front, as we see the names of O. E. Leonard, B. W. Woodward, G. W. Harrington, Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, Alfred Whitman and W. H. Brown, among the officers. At the first regular meeting of the club B. W. Woodward read a paper on Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew". At the second, Mrs. Diggs discussed "Boycotting".—The Sunday-school, under the superintendence of Mrs. Diggs, flourishes. It is largely attended by both old and young. The Lawrence church has for many years thrived and lived by its Sunday-school.—The Ladies' Society has raised about eight hundred dollars during the last three years. It

has bought a new organ, remodeled and refitted the church parlors, and is now at work reseating the church.—Mr. Howland is giving some Sunday evening doctrinal sermons and the church is crowded, many members of other churches coming in to listen.

BOSTON.—Rev. Brooke Herford summed up the advice given to the young delegates from Boston Unitarian churches assembled in the Second church, recommending five different duties to their churches,—to devote, first, the intellect, learning clearly the distinctive beliefs of our faith; second, the heart, loving the work, appreciating its value; third, the purse, learning early to share spending money in church charities; fourth, the voice, in singing and responding the services, and in a willingness to testify to their convictions before inquirers; fifth, the hand, in active personal help.—At the late Lynn Conference Rev. John W. Hudson, of Peabody, read a masterly essay on the growth and decay and the present value to our denomination of the transcendental movement in New England.

E. R. B.

ANN ARBOR.—I wrote you some weeks ago that the ministers of the gospel of this place were unanimously in favor of hanging for murder, and that this would be a good field for some missionary work. I have now to report that these same ministers are unanimously in favor of licensing the liquor traffic. Not even the great educational interests which center here, which are not only seriously imperiled but greatly damaged by the forty licensed saloons that exist in the city, can rouse these men to espouse the extermination of this monstrous evil.

T. P. W.

ENGLAND.—Our Unitarian brethren on the other side of the water are somewhat divided on the question of Disestablishment. Doctors Martineau, Vance Smith, Reverends Thom, Steinthal, and others, are in favor of church reform rather than church disestablishment, hoping that some day the Church of England may become broad enough to make such a man as James Martineau Archbishop of Canterbury. A correspondent discovers that this division of sentiment makes it difficult for the British Unitarian Association to take a stand upon the matter.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Rev. Clay MacCauley, in what *The National Republican* calls "a remarkable sermon", recently preached at All Souls Church in this city, said, "The pessimistic skepticism of our day is attributable to the influence of the modern swing of man's life and thought away from its mediæval servility to one great church. But these skeptics have been carried by the reaction to a mistaken conclusion. The church is after all but the outcome of a human need. There is a large balance of probability in favor of what is universal and perpetual."

DENVER, COL.—The society has published a handsome souvenir containing photographs of the church that is, and the church that is to be, with a very brief history of the movement thus far. It is elegantly prepared, and is sold for a dollar, thus making profitable a bit of commendable sentiment.

BALTIMORE.—The pope is about to make a cardinal of the most reverend James Gibbons, D.D.,—an American Cardinal!—while the Unitarian church has not even a bishop, and many of the churches are thriving and we hope blessing some lives without so much as a deacon!

WHITTIER, N. C.—This town was recently inaugurated with song and prayer and high resolve. Steps are being taken to secure legal prohibition of the sale of liquors within a distance of ten miles of the town. There is wisdom in beginning at the center and working out.

WARREN, ILLINOIS.—Mr. Effinger, the State Secretary, preached at this place last Sunday, where there is a growing interest in liberal thought.